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The public sentiment should be improved and refined, till man, in every situation, becomes the friend of man.

PUBLISHED BY E. BATES.

☞THE EDITOR of the Philanthropist having been ill several days previous to the issuing of his last No. has not been able to pay any attention to business since that time,

SLAVERY.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

(Concluded from page 399.)

It may be said however, that rigorous laws are necessary to insure the safety of the white population; and that, although the laws are thus severe, they are seldom enforced, and the slaves are treated with as much humanity and indulgence as prudence will dictate. But for ourselves we believe with a traveller (Mr. Hill) who has written with much feeling and intelligence upon this subject, that "he must be a very sanguine enthusiast in favor of human nature, who believs that the negro, thus protected by the laws, will be very tenderly cherished by his master. The uncontrolled will of the most virtuous individual would be a fearful thing to live under; but the brutal passions of the sordid, the cruel, and the ignorant; scourges which might well 'appal the guilty and confound the free,' are the rule by which at least nine tenths of the slave population are governed. If governed, they are mildly and justly governed, we must admit the constant operation in their favor of a miracle strong enough to invert the whole moral order of nature. To render tigers graniverous, would be comparatively easy. It is not impossible, he continues, but that the house servants, and personal domesticks of humane and enlightened masters may be in a condition not in every respect much worse than that of persons filling the same stations in other places; but it is not from the good fortune of this minute portion, we can deduce a fair estimate of the condition of the many. It is in the plantation, and principally, perhaps, among the petty proprietors, the work of torture goes on. An occasional instance of atrocity sometimes meets the public eye, and sheds a lurid light upon a region where 'hope never comes."

But, it may be added, *the evil exists.* Slavery, however much we may deprecate it, and however abhorrent it may be to the feelings of humanity, has been entailed upon us, and what are we to do? We cannot emancipate our slaves. They have descended to us as our property; and moreover, their freedom, would jeopardize, not only our own, but our lives also. This argument will do to a certain ex-

tent. But it by no means affects the question at issue, viz: whether slavery shall be *extended*. The existence of slavery within the bounds of some of the original states, is the result of a compromise a concession. But, to use the language of another, this "by no means proves that slavery is among 'the rights and priviliges' intended to be secured to territories which might from time to time desire to be admitted into the union. The thirteen states which form the union had, each of them, a right to stipulate for the preservation, to themselves and their territories, of their existing priviliges. They were independent sovereigns, treating with each other on an equal footing. Individual states, therefore stipulate for the continuance of slavery in their own territories. But they did not, and they could not stipulate for territories afterwards to be received into the union." We say then, let the evil and the sin of holding our fellow creatures in bondage, cease here. If nothing more can be done: If the slaves of the original states cannot be emancipated: let the line be drawn around his present habitation, "and tell the slave holders, thus far shalt thou go and no farther."; Is it not high time that the attention of the American public was awakened to this subject; In vain may we attempt to excuse ourselves from the guilt of first stealing flesh and blood, and then holding it in the most abject, wretched slavery, because slaves were introduced under the colonial governments "Who (says the Boston Yankee.) imported the great mass of the slaves which were brought from Africa here? Was it not our own countrymen, after, their emigration here, and with provincial governments of their own? Do we then claim to be wholly innocent; we, who are part of the English nation, and that part which received the fruits of the crime? We, who shared with others the commencement of the abuse, but who pursued it by ourselves, and for our benefit? Do we claim to be guiltless of the crime of introducing slavery? Impossible!" But even admitting that we are free from the guilt of importing the slaves. Does any one imagine that the feelings of the slave drivers are more humane than those of the importer? Or that the crime of holding in bondage and dealing out daily cruelties to the unhappy objects, is a shade lighter in a moral point of view, than that of him who drove them into slavery? This cannot be; and even if such constructions had been allowed by the charitable, they must have been done entirely away by the temper and conduct of the slave representatives on the Missouri question. "Then it was that such feelings were manifested as convinced us that the same spirit which dragged the miserable captives to our shores, holds them still, and extends the sphere of their sufferings."

It is not from the southern states that we are to look for any measures having for the object the amelioration of the condition of the blacks; nor is it to be expected that they will a

prove of any measures which may be taken to prevent the extension of slavery. "Habit steels us to all things." The southern planters are as litterally born *tyrants* and *task masters*, as the miserable negroes are *slaves*. In their infancy, almost, is the whip placed in their hands; and they are early taught by example to view the slave as little if any above the brute creation. It is thus that the finer feelings and nobler sentiments of the heart become blunted, and they look upon the most atrocious acts of cruelty, as merely common, and some will say, *necessary* occurrences. Besides, avarice will always have its full effect, and the facility heretofore enjoyed, of transfering slaves to the south western territories, has rendered this abominable traffic very lacrative to Virginia and other states; so lucrative, indeed, that the propagation of slaves for the western market has of late years been specially and extensively encouraged. Hence, if the further extension of slavery is prohibited, a great source of their unhallowed wealth will be cut off

There is another consideration which ought to have great influence upon the *free* people of the *free* states. The slave representation has long enough controlled the destinies of this republic. By the rapid multiplication of new states, the influence of the middle and northern states has greatly diminished in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate it has been nearly destroyed. Permit them to erect as many new states as they please in the southern and western territories, and fill them with slaves, and what will become of the little weight and influence we have left. The Alabama territory will shortly act as an independent state, and here we shall soon have an additional, and probably a numerous slave representation. The Floridas will probably soon come into our possession, either peaceably or forcibly. Is this territory to be carved up into states? Is slavery there to be permitted also? And are we from thence to have another accession to the slave representation? These are interesting queries, and demand the serious attention of our *free* citizens.

It is high time that the alarming increase of slavery in this Republic was checked. It is time for the people to bestir themselves. If we unfortunately have representatives in the northern states, who, through despotic principles, or fear, favor or affection, for the slave holders, will give their votes in favor of this horrid traffic, let the people give them leave to stay at home. When the question was taken at the last session, strange as it may appear, four members from New York, four from Massachusetts, one from New Hampshire, one from New Jersey, one from Pennsylvania and one from Delaware, voted against the amendment for prohibiting slavery!!!

We hope this will not be the case at next session—but that all the states north of the Poto-

mac will present a firm phalanx against the inhuman practice and doctrine of the south.

O. Monitor

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

WE would be led to suppose, from the pompous letters from the adventurers in this enterprize, that their numbers at least were respectable, and their prospects brilliant. We have authentic accounts from that quarter, which represent them to be directly the reverse. They have nat the least prospect of succeeding in obtaining possession of the territory they are so liberal in offering to dispose of, to recruits and proselytes. Their actual numbers as late as the middle of August, did not exceed 100, and they were said to be without funds, and ill supplied with provisions. The province in which they have raised the standard of liberty, with the exception of Labahie and St. Antonio, contains not many more than a score of families, and they are chiefly Americans, who migrated thither about a year ago. The very persons who have issued a proclamation of Independence, from which one would suppose that they, with thousands of others, were groaning under the lash of Spanish tyranny, whilst the U. States had failed in its duty to protect them, have themselves just renounced all the advantages of American citizenship, and engaged in a revolutionary project, the principal object of which is personal aggrandizement, though some may possibly have embarked in it under the influence of higher motives. We warn the young men of the United States against being seduced into this scheme by such highly colored statements as those which the above may in some degree serve to expose and correct. It is not by hostile invasion, nor yet by conquest, of foreign countries, that the principles of free government are disseminated.

A letter from Baton Rogue, of date the 30th ultimo, gives a distressing account of the prevalence of disease in that quarter. "There is scarcely a house in town that has not from one to three sick in it." The same letter tells a very different story of the health of New-Orleans from those which we have by way of New-York and other outports. "I am told," says the writer, "by those who can be relied on, just from New-Orleans, that they bury about forty persons a day in that city. What another month may produce, Heaven only knows."

ib

Extract of a letter from New Orleans dated September 5th, 1819.

"The Yellow Fever rages here with great violence. I believe it is more malignant than that of 1817. A great proportion of the inhabitants have left the city. We now average about 30 interments per day; but, had we the same influx of stran-

gers, and extent of population, that we had in 1817, that number would be more than doubled. The disease appears to be general along the Mississippi. The vessels in the harbor suffer most: a few days since, a ship left the port with 16 hands, and before she reached the Balize 11 of them died: there are several vessels, now lying at the Balize, that have lost *the Captain and all hands*. The garrison at Fort St. Philip, for the first time, feel the effects of this dreadful scourge; many have already died, and their sick list is swelled to a fearful amount."

N. Intelligencer.

A READY CURE

For the Bilious or Cramp Cholic.

Take a small quantity of brimstone, dissolve it in brandy, temper it with water, and drink it as often as you can, until the pain is removed, which will be after the second or third drinking. Should the third not affect the removal of the pain continue the dose: Experience has taught me this, who send to the press for the good of the community at large.—Rich. Compiler.

W. Gazette.

LATEST FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Extract to the Editors of the Franklin Gazette, dated.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 26.

"Our city continues generally healthy; there have occurred some cases of malignant fever among the shipping and strangers. We have had much rain, and the coolest summer thus far that has been experienced for many years.

You have no doubt heard, of our late hurricane; the force of the wind and sea must have been terrific- in about two hours the water rose 20 feet perpendicularly, sweeping every thing before it. All human skill and knowledge availed nothing: A hurricane so early in the season, and with such violence and duration, is not recollected by the oldest inhabitant. houses and trees, which had withstood storms for many years, were totally destroyed and swept away. Upwards of one hundred human bodies have already been interred in a space of only 30 miles along the coast. Carcases of animals of various description, sea fowl, line the shore, it appears litterally to have been a war of elements, for the feathered, and finny tribes appear to have suffered as much as man and beast.

"Not a vessels that I have yet heard of has survived the gale between the lake Borgne and Mobile bay." *ib.*

Extract's from Jameson's Domestick Medicine.

WITH soups, formed of our meat and vegetables; our milk, with rice, hominy, potatoes, or mush, the American might pass the year and at its end, return the most grateful thanks to his God, for having thus bountifully blessed him; but this is far from being the case, and we are obliged to speak of foreign articles before we conclude.

And first comes coffee, this although an exotic, has in a manner become the second staff of life. Coffee no doubt is a pleasant grateful cordial, when taken in moderation; but did not our country bless us with a plenty of substantial articles, we should soon become as lean as the king-fisher, on coffee.

Nearly the same thing may be said of tea, when good, but perhaps, nine tenths of our tea has lost its *aroma* before it is used, and of course, is inferior as a mild pleasant cordial to many of the herbs of our mountains and gardens.

Chocolate when good, contains some nourishment, but is less cordial than tea, or coffee, &c.; too often it is made of rancid oils, or fat, and is then certainly less friendly than milk, in some form.

Upon the whole, we would be infinitely better: were coffee, tea, and chocolate, banished the country: or at most, they ought to be reserved as in times of old, for a treat to a friend or for the sick. That they should have become principles in our diet, is a disgrace to our country, and a high offence against the bounteous gifts of heaven.

The people of the United States found a second paradise. They multiplied and rose under a kind of providence, to be a great nation; great in industry; great in simplicity; great in unanimity: and great in plenty. Their cornucopæ, spacious as the heavens which overspread them, poured all the real comforts of life over their head, most plenteously. And they were also enabled to spare a little for the luxuries of life; wines, spiceries, and a few other articles, were obtained in exchange for the products of their soil: This, I fear, was the golden era of America; but would to God, I may be mistaken, and that my country as it ever has been, shall continue to be, the admiration of nations, and the favourite of heaven.

But ah! long since has busy ambition, pride, and avarice, the enemies of freemen, began their career—their daring, but smiling wicheries, have caught the rising generation, and with gigantic strides, like the bounding lion on the lamb, they are crushing the nation—rise, then, from your slumbers, ye growing angels,* and rather lick the dust of your country, than satiate your stomachs with the honey of Europe. There the poison lurks; then beware, and if you love your country, love her productions. She is the august parent of a Washington; of millions of freemen, and every rational and reasonable comfort.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Extract of the address of M. J. Le Ray De Chaumont, a distinguished Emigrant from France, to the Agricultural Society of Jefferson County, New-York, of which he is President.

"Independently of the advantages which in this country, the beech tree is known to possess, in France they draw two more from that precious tree. They cut its low branches in the month

*Our youth.

of August, and stack them like hay. It is an excellent food for sheep, and a good substitute for hay. With the beach nut they make an oil next in goodness to olive. A great quantity of this oil is made at Compeigne. near Paris. A farmer, who has a large family of young children, might, with their labour alone, in the year when the beech nut is abundant, make a considerable quantity of oil for his own use, if in the vicinity of an oil mill. The grass will, in process of time. grow beautifully under these lofty trees, which will admit the free circulation of the air

Lucern is the best defender of a rich soil against noxious weeds; but you must first deliver it free from them, and in a good state of cultivation; after which you may leave the Lucern to work for its maintenance, and I may add, more properly, for your own. It is the first to come to the sustenance of your cattle in the spring, and the last to abandon them in the fall. You may safely calculate upon three or four crops during that time. Those who wish to give themselves to the clearing of new lands without abandoning the 11, must cherish this plant, which can remain twelve or fifteen years in the ground, and give you abundant crops without any cultivation whatever. Much more—the Lucern will, during that time, conquer for you a new soil, and offer you the yearly tribute it will draw from the depth of three, four, and five feet, and sometimes more. If at any time it is convenient, during the last six or eight years of its duration, to turn the field into grain, you will find the soil at least as productive as when first cleared, and without the help of manure. If you have allowed sufficient time for the stumps to rot, no field can offer more advantages to the farmer for many years to come.

As the Lucern is a native of more southern countries, I thought proper, before recommending it, to make the trial of it myself. I planted it, eight years ago, in a place rather u favorable to its growth. On the 26th of May last, I brought to one of our committees of agriculture, several stalks which averaged fourteen inches. Fifteen days after, the stalk of the same root measured twenty inches. One stalk of the same root, which had not been cut measured thirty-two inches.

I would recommend the yellow beet for the use of the table, in preference to all others. It is better tasted and sweeter, and cattle of every kind are extremely fond of it. I have cultivated this plant, with great success, on my farm in France, where I make from it annually from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds of very good sugar. I am very far, however, from recommending it for that purpose, as the attempt upon a large scale, would be ruinous here. The same objection prevails, with greater force, against cultivating the vine. It requires too much of the labor of man.

The fertility of our new lands is the principal cause of our inattention to manure. You will agree with me that it would be

better to use none at all than to carry on the soil in such a state as to introduce and nourish weeds. I would strongly recommend the mixture of lime with your stable manure, by which means the seeds and other noxious substances are destroyed, and the quality of the manure improved. Plaister has not yet been sufficiently tried in this country. I have used it with great success in a sandy loam, from which I had this year three crops of clover. If you do not wish to go to the expense of plaister, you may use lime, which has been employed with equal success, and which may be procured, in great abundance, in this country."

O. Branch.

USEFUL INVENTION.

We have been gratified with a sight of a new machine for making brick, recently invented by J. C. Stubbs and James Donner of this town, which, for simplicity of construction, and great public usefulness, bids fair, in our opinion, to surpass any invention hitherto applied to the same purpose, in this or any other country. This machine receives the clay, in its natural state, in a hopper somewhat similar to those used in gristmills, and immediately returns the brick, completely made and ready for burning.—So quick is the operation, that, thirty good and handsome bricks were manufactured in our presence, in the space of one minute, the machine being set in motion by the labor of one man alone; and we entertain no doubt of the practicability of making from 40 to 50,000 good bricks in one day, whenever it goes in full operation. The bricks, for smoothness and beauty are preferable to those manufactured in the common way, as well as much harder and heavier The machine is so constructed as to accommodate itself to all kinds of clay, loam, or even sand; and we have seen some bricks made of this last material, which were nearly as hard as those made in the usual manner. We hope soon to see this machine in full operation in this town, reducing the price of an article highly necessary to our internal improvement, and rewarding the proprietors for their labor, skill and ingenuity.

Scioto Gazette.

LAUDABLE EXAMPLE.

On Tuesday last passed thro' this village, on their return to Schenectady, two young gentlemen, students of Union College. They were on foot, in light cheap dresses, with knapsacks on their backs.—We are informed, that those gentlemen, in company with one other of their companions, all of whom are from the Southern States, formed the novel design of performing a pedestrian tour during the present vacation, with a view as well to their own health as to acquire a personal knowledge of the country. They proceeded to Lake Ontario, crossed thence to Kingston, then pursued their way through Upper Canada, around the head of the

lake to Newark, Niagara Falls, &c. crossed at Buffalo, and returned, with the exception of their companion, who was obliged, from the soreness of his feet, to remain back for a few days.

We would recommend this example of fatigue—this effort to produce useful information, and this strict regard to economy, to other of the sons of our opulent citizens, who are profusely scattering away the wealth of their parents in the indulgence of propensities, which are calculated to injure the subjects of them, while they also tend to demoralize society.

Herkimer American.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

SOME few years since, as Dr. Dwight was travelling through New-Jersey, he chanced to stop at a Stage Hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn. Mr. Dennie; who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all *paired* with lodgers, except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor although in his night gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, untill Dr. Dwight chanced to name of Dennie. "Dennie the editor of the Port Folio, (says the Doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belle Lettres. But sir, continued he, is it not astonishing that a man of such a genius, fancy and feeling should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and bacchanalian revels?" "Sir, said Dennie, you are mistaken: I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir, says the Doctor, you err: I have my information from a particular friend: I am confident that I am right and you wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the Clergy, remarking that, Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were among our most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale Collenge, the most learned Theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet that America has ever produced. But sir, continued Dennie there are traits in his character undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description, he is the great-

est *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age!" "Sir, said the Doctor, you are grossly mistaken, I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, I know to the contrary," "Sir, says Dennie you are mistaken: I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth." "No more slander! says the Doctor, I am Mr. Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I, too, exclaimed Dennie, am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told; suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

Spirit of Pennsylvania.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

Friend Miner,

The following Ode was written shortly after a journey made to the White Mountains of New-Hampshire.

Although these mountains are generally known to be the highest in the United States. (the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak, being 7,108 ft. above the level of the sea) they have but rarely attracted the attention of the traveler. To the geologist and mineralogist they are replete with interest, and afford to the admirer of nature in her sublimer forms, subject of high gratification.

The ascent is laborious, and the first day is spent before the sumit is gained: the second is employed in ascending to the mountain's top, in enjoying the boundless prospect presented to the eye, & in making a much more rapid journey down its rugged sides. The surrounding country abounds in romantic scenery; numerous small lakes scattered here and there skirted by a variety of evergreens, diversify it; and the White Hills of New Hampshire want only those historical recollections to be visited with as much interest as the mountains of Scotland or Switzerland.

AN ODE.

WHEN out of nothing, 'twas decreed,
Earth, and sun, and stars should rise;
'Twas also will'd that storms succeed
Summer's mildest, calmest skies:
That heat and cold alternate reign,
And hills should bound the level plain.
The mandate given Mount Washington
Far above the seeds of life, [arose,
Where storms engage in daeadful strife,
And cloud to cloud oppose.
The mingled contest lasts till spent with rage,
They sullenly retire, threat'ning new wars to wage.

Lured from the cares of life awhile,
Urg'd by Fancy's potent spell,
The stranger comes prepar'd for toil,
Passing over crag and dell.
His heart beats high, his spirits rise,
And joy beems sparkling from his eyes,
As his light steps first press the mountain's side.
Strong the power that can subdue
His glowing thoughts so fix'd to view
The landscape wild and wide.
Ye tempests fly! and let the sun by day
His footsteps guide: at night, fair Cynthia's milder ray.

Now on the mountains utmost height
He stands amid the shades of night;
Cynthia has left her charge and fled,
To make in western seas her bed. [eye,
Nought now remains to meet is longing
Of all that earth contains——
No hills nor fertile plains, [ed sky.
Nought but the stars studing the vault-
Reflection scarce retains her power,
He hardly hopes to see the smiling hour
That shall again the gloom disperse:
With thoughts akin to empty dreams,
He shrinks into himself, and seems
Alone amid the universe.
All sounds are hush'd—when lo! are push'd
The curtains of the night aside—

In pours the day. Stranger, away
With every thought to fear allied.
At first but faint and dim the light,
Chasing the long reluctant shades;
Then all the east is deck'd in colors bright,
Each star refires, or with pale envy fades,

Joy seizes now his throbing breast,
Join'd with wonder, mix'd with dread,
When phœbus in the rosy east
Binds his splendors round his head—
Leaves ocean's wave, and sends his rays
Full on the mountain's top to blaze,
And there alone is felt the partial glow;
All beneath in darkness lies:
In vain the stranger turns his eyes
To pierce the gulf below [vails;
By slow degrees at length the day pre-
And now the hills appear, and now the flowery vales.

Extensive tracts of labored soil,
Cloth'd in verdure round him lie;
And wilds that scorn the hand of toil,
Rise to meet the ravish'd eye:
The beauties round by nature wrought,
Might rise from care the sordid thought:
Th' afflicted too would there resign their grief:
Melancholy pleas'd would stay
Where groves and streams such charms display,
And find unwish'd relief. [sion move;
Such streams would every tender pas-
Even the prudent there would turn their hearts to love.

Serenely casting round his eye,
He views each object far and nigh—
When sudden from the angry west,
A tempest comes in lightning drest.
Lo! man in haste before its terrors flies,
The skiping wanton flocks
Seek now the sheltering rocks,
To shun the aproaching fury of the skies:
In dread suspence all seems to wait
And silent listen to impending fate.
Now round the mountains swelling sides
The wind condensing vapours bear;
Forming a sea in milder air,
That every lower object hides.
The lightnings flash, the thunders crash,
And echo making horrid chime,
Each other greet beneath his feet,
And rouse his soul to thoughts sublime.

Secure above the direful shock,
While round him shines in cloudless day,
He stands upon the firm and solid rock
That seems an island 'mid the ocean's sway.

But when the threatning clouds arise,
Rolling up the ragged steep;
Impell'd by whirlwinds towards the skies,
In a rude resist'ess sweep,
At first he stands in wild dismay,
Then tries to chace his fears away.
Lo! now around him closes fast the storm,
The mountain trembles, hailstones fly,
And withering blasts rush furious by,
And all the day deform.
He calls on heaven amid the conflict dire,
Involv'd in clouds whence issue thunder, hail and fire,

The clouds dissolve, the winds retire,
Now the air is pure and sweet—
The sun shines clear, low sounds aspire
Distant list'ning ears to greet,
The tempest-ruling height can show
No charm to make him linger now,
With willing step he thoughtful lingers down,
Conscious that the smiling day
Is flying fast; he must not stay
To meet a second frown.
Reflection, as his silent course he takes,
Within his musing breast such thoughts as these awakes.

Stupendous pile! what power is thine!
Attending wonders to combine.
To raise the serious thought, and turn
The soul its inward strength to learn.
He who can meet the terrors of thy frown,
Calmly and undismayed,
Must surely be arayed
In justice' awful robes and virtue's crown.
Wisdom his friend, and Truth his guide,
And firm resolve attending at his side,
And man may meet the grand display
Of natures most tremendous power.
E'en at the "solemn midnight hour."
And say t' intruding fear, away!
But let weak guilt, whose hopes are built
On nature's soft deceiving smile,
Forbear to trace this awful place,

That proves the good, confounds the vile.
Let him who thoughtless wastes his time,
Learn here what powers to man are given:
Such scenes may touch the good in strains sublime,
And make the careless seek the smiles of heaven.

From Camoen's Poems.

STANZAS.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay:
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives vice to bloom its little hour—
But virtue late and long.

FROM THE BOSTON PALLADIUM.

"O WHAT IS THE WORLD."

OH what is the world which is talk'd of so much,
Whose pleasures so highly are priz'd!
Affliction may tell; for her tenderest touch
Proves it folly, by cunning disguis'd;
Thy lessons, adversity! teach us the truth,
Disbelieve'd in prosperity—slighted in youth.

How anxious, for riches, the multitude toil!
How many are seeking for fame!
In the race how they pant, and forget the turmoil,
That the world may be fill'd, with a name!
Ah, few, very few, stay to think of the hour,
When wealth will be useless, and impotent power.

What crouds live for nought, but to eat and to sleep,
Who would tremble their lives to resign!
What thousands in sickness and poverty weep,
Who at death's dread approach would repine!
Now if, on earth, there were genuine faith,
Would the poor and the wretched so shudder at death?

All, all are in love with the world. They pursue
Some end, they can scarce hope to gain;
Each morn they commence with ardency new,
Each night, of fatigue they complain:
Now remember, so weary, so busy they are,
That distant is happiness, distant how far!

The true art of life is, to fill up our hours
With works, for the good of mankind;
Here, here's a vocation well worthy the powers
Of the best and the loftiest mind;
The task is but light, yet immense the reward
Of him, who thus labors, to imitate God!

What our hands find to do, let us do with our might;
And, the days of our usefulness o'er,
Though melt we away in death's shadowy night,
The faithful shall heaven restore:
Who, then, would in pleasure's dull vortex be hurl'd,
And live for self only? *O what is the World?*

FALLS OF ST. MARY.

TO THE EDITORS.

Washington city, Oct. 1, 1819.

Gentlemen: In your paper of this date I have remarked a partial account of the Falls of St. Mary, situated on the straight which connects Lake Superior with Huron. I enclose you a more detailed one, obtained by myself, as long ago as the year 1807, from John Johnson, Esq. a Scotch gentleman, of the first respectability, who has made that place his chosen residence for years. There has hitherto been a considerable village there. For many years previous to the late war, the North West company employed two vessels in transporting goods and furs across Lake Superior; one a brig, commanded by a Capt. Maxwell, and another a topsail schooner, of about 60 tons: the first of these vesssels was destroyed, and the latter brought down the falls, and now navigates the lower lakes of Huron, St. Clair, and Erie. A large tract of country, including the falls, was laid off into a seigniory by letters patent from the King of France; and assignments are now held by individuals, from the original proprietors and their assignees, of their title to the lands within the limits of the seigoniory; and the claim will undoubtedly be prosecuted before Congress.

Should government deem it expedient (and of this there can be no doubt) to strenthen, the cord of protection on the North Western frontier, this may be done without establishing a military post at St. Mary's, and by laying out, as has been done on three former occasions, a town, to include the mill seats of the falls, and offering the lots at auction: the result will be, that there will soon grow up an important commercial place at this point, which should at once be made a port of entry and delivery, and which will immediately become the depot of the goods and furs constituting the traffic of the vast wilderness. It will also leave a disposable force for garrisoning a fort on some of the important head-waters of Lake Superior. It is a fact, well ascertained, that, not far above this point, copper and lead may be obtained in any quanties; and it is hoped that the time is not distant when the government will turn its attention to these sources of wealth: The coper one is of the virgin kind; I have seen spoons manufactured from it A very precise scetch of the falls, and the country and Islands adjacent was made, during the summer of 1818, by Major General Macomb.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully your most obedient servant,

JOS. WATSON.

Saut St. Mary's, 19th Aug. 1807.

Dear Sir: I was yesterday taking a walk on the carrying place here, and reflecting on my promise to give you a short description of this seigniory.

I am glad to find your friends have it in their power to make a speculation, which must eventually be a very profitable one, as

That proves the good, confounds the vile.
Let him who thoughtless wastes his time,
Learn here what powers to man are given:
Such scenes may touch the good in strains sublime,
And make the careless seek the smiles of heaven.

From Camoen's Poems.

STANZAS.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay:
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives vice to bloom its little hour—
But virtue late and long.

FROM THE BOSTON PALLADIUM.

"O WHAT IS THE WORLD."

OH what is the world which is talk'd of so much,
Whose pleasures so highly are priz'd!
Affliction may tell; for her tenderest touch
Proves it folly, by cunning disguis'd;
Thy lessons, adversity! teach us the truth,
Disbeliev'd in prosperity—slighted in youth.

How anxious, for riches, the multitude toil!
How many are seeking for fame!
In the race how they pant, and forget the turmoil,
That the world may be fill'd, with a name!
Ah, few, very few, stay to think of the hour,
When wealth will be useless, and impotent power.

What crouds live for nought, but to eat and to sleep,
Who would tremble their lives to resign!
What thousands in sickness and poverty weep,
Who at death's dread approach would repine!
Now if, on earth, there were genuine faith,
Would the poor and the wretched so shudder at death?

All, all are in love with the world. They pursue
Some end, they can scarce hope to gain;
Each morn they commence with ardency new,
Each night, of fatigue they complain:
Now remember, so weary, so busy they are,
That distant is happiness, distant how far!

The true art of life is, to fill up our hours
With works, for the good of mankind;
Here, here's a vocation well worthy the powers
Of the best and the loftiest mind;
The task is but light, yet immense the reward
Of him, who thus labors, to imitate God!

What our hands find to do, let us do with our might;
And, the days of our usefulness o'er,
Though melt we away in death's shadowy night,
The faithful shall heaven restore:
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this place is the key to the treasures of the North West, and, independent of the commercial advantages it holds forth, is in itself one of the most eligible situations I any where know, for carrying on an agricultural plan, as the greater part of the lands contiguous to the river are of the best quality, and the means of raising stock are perfectly easy, from extensive meadows of fine natural grass which fringe the wood-lands, and a number of Islands, which, with the slightest labor, could be rendered most productive. The country is almost one continued maple grove with the exception of here and there a clump of pines and a few narrow strips of cedar swamp. The soil of the village is a slight mixture of clay with a large proportion of sand, which, when manured, produces as good garden stuff as I ever have seen. There is scarcely any where finer vegatables than I now have in my garden. I have also two acres and a half of potatoes, which I think will produce me at least six hundred bushels. I have also an acre and a half of oats, the first ever sown here, and I assure you I have my doubts if there are any superior between this place and New York. But the falls are the great source of our well living here The constant supply of white fish, the quality of which is so well known makes living very cheap, and in some respects compensates the cramped state of trade, from the monopoly of the North West and Machinac companies. The falls afford many capital sites for mills, and all kinds of grain will ever have a ready market from the north west, as well as pork, cheese, butter, &c. the heavy freight of which from Sandwich, Detroit, &c. would be of course saved. As I propose leaving this place for N. York, in a few days, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Detroit, on my way, I shall defer saying any thing more on a subject that would require a much larger space than a letter to do it justice.

JOHN JOHNSON.

APPARENT AND TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a kind of feeling, possessed by many, that is often taken for Friendship, and can be traced, with few exceptions, in all the walks of life. It is the child of selfishness—burning more brilliant at certain times, when some desired objects is in view, but which glows with an incomparable lustre at the shrine of wealth. Its smiles are those of affection; its professions those of hipocricy.

The man of opulence is generally surrounded by many friends, apparantly great, who give him their smiles—who court his society at all times and in all places—who become his greatest advocates. But, when the hour of adversity arrives—when his riches have taken to to themselves wings, and poverty salutes him with haggard looks and downcast eyes; when care and oppression follow hard after him; when sorrow's sigh escapes his breast, and trouble's tear bedeys his cheeks; when

sickness has emaciated his frame, and he "has not where to lay his head—will they then be his companions, and hold out to him an administering and relieving hand—hush all his cares; and pour the balm of consolation into his wounded heart? No; they will know him no more, but they will leave him to his fate, unpitied and unheard. They will be his friends no longer than they can sit at his table and dissipate upon the luxuries of life—no longer than they can derive from his wealth benefits that his liberality prompted him to bestow; but will seek other climes, and other benefactors, where and with whom they hope to feed and satisfy their baleful appetites.

Of what infinite value, then, is pure, constant, and unalterable friendship? A soother for every woe, a monitor in every trial, it guards us against every assault—makes plain our path, and easy our progress, through world of guilt. It talks to of Heaven; of the fecility re to be obtained, by an up- and virtuous course of life: 'll ease the aching head, and the broken heart—soften llow of death, and accom- us to that world where nd uninterrupted friend- r dwells.

ed *Friendship*, genial spark,
hy holy shrine I kneel;
guide my trembling bark,
h the storm of life I sail.

ortentous clouds of care,
airing soul impend;
e fraught with fear,
rief my bosom rend:

"Then sad, benighted, lone and drear,
"Thrice hallow'd Friendship's cheering ray,
"Sweet soother of my soul, appear,
"Dispel and chase the gloom away.

"Thus, when the adverse tide runs strong
"Let thy efficient power extend;
"Oh! shield me from oppression's wrong
"And bless me with a bosom friend."

New York, September 28.

Latest from Europe—To the politness of Capt. Wattleing of the British brig Hibernia in 30 days from Dublin; we have received Dublin papers to the 24th of August, inclusive, containing London dates to the 22d, from which we have made the following extracts.

A deputation of the civil and military power had arrived in London, express from Manchester on the 23d of August, when a Cabinet Council was immediately held, at which most of the Ministers were present—Lords Sidmouth, Liverpool, Castlereagh, the Attorney and Solicitor General, &c. &c. The object of this meeting was to obtain a precise view of the situation of affairs, and to adopt measures of safety.

NOTICE.

TO be sold at public sale, on Saturday the 25th of December next, on the primises, in the town of Mountpleasant, one Lot of Ground, No. 58, the property of Mary Scales deceased. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock on said day, when due attendance will be given, and the terms made known, by

JOHN SCALES Admr.

Oct. 15th 1819 n52 3t.

NOTICE.

THE growers of Barley are informed, the proprietors of the Wheeling Brewery will be ready to receive Barley in two weeks.—

Wheeling 28th Sept. 1819.

UNION HUMANE SOCIETY.

A semi-annual meeting of the Union Humane Society will be held in St. Clairsville on the 26th of the 10th month at 11 o'clock A. M. at William Sharpless' Tavern——

HENRY CREW Secry.

9th mo. 25

NOTICE.

All persons having just and legal claims against the estate of THOMAS SELBY dec. late of Mountpleasant Township, Jefferson County, are hereby notified to exhibit their claims legally proven, for adjustment, within one year from the date hereof.

And all those who are indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

CHRISTIAN MOSBURG.
Admr.

October. 2. 1819. n50 3t.

COPPER & TIN FACTORY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public and his customers in general, that he has discontinued manufacturing Copper and Tin in Steubenville, and has opened shop in Mountpleasant in the house formerly occupied by David Eyres, where he expects he can accommodate all those that will give him their custom: has on hand a good assortment of good Copper and Tin ware, of all kinds, of the first quality, which he will sell lower for Cash or good country produce than has been sold for a long time past.

The highest price will be given for old Copper, Brass, and Pewter, in trade.

GEORGE GIBBONS.

Mt. Pleasant, Aug. 26 1819 n46 8t.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the estate of William John dec. late of Mountpleasant township, jefferson county, Ohio, are requested to bring them forward, properly proven; and those endebted to the same are requested to make immediate payment to

WM. BLACKLEDGE. admr

10 mo. 6th 1819. n51 4t.

TERMS.

The PHILANTHROPIST *is publi weekly at* $3 *per annum, payable yearly in advance.*

No subscription will be recei a shorter time than one year, subscriber at liberty to disconti all arrearages are paid.

A failure on the part of s to give notice of their intentio the paper discontinued, previo termination of their year, wr sidered as a new engageme rd

☞ *Agents will be allowe hen for receiving subscription ting and transmitting t hard sigh*

*** All communicat able's to the Editor, on subjec writer is concerned, when

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